

Christmas in Vigo

I step onto the balcony
no bigger
than a bathtub
where I hope to fit
alone
for a while
and flick
cigarette ash
on the city below.

Across the street
the seagulls settle
on the window-flare
of the proletarian flats
six floors up,
but facing west,
with approximately
the same
narrow view
of the sparkling *ria*
at the end
of the two-lane
road.

Inside this hole
we've claimed
as our own
for the holidays
they're still
smoking homegrown
and talking about
what didn't happen
last night, thinking
that it might tonight,
cause you never know,
while they listen
to the California song,
each shiftless son
of a Galician seafarer
dreaming
with Zeppelin
of following
some dry
yet exotic
trail
halfway
around the world,

convinced—
that it can't
possibly be
as hard as it seems.

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